

HOW TO HELP AND COM- FORT YOUR MOTHER.



*Written for the Mass. Sabbath School Society,
and revised by the Committee of Publication.*

BOSTON:

**MASS. SABBATH SCHOOL SOCIETY,
No. 13 Cornhill.**

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B O S T O N :

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HOW TO HELP AND COMFORT YOUR MOTHER.



THERE are many ways in which you can help and comfort your mother. When you see that she is very busy, you must not give her your ball to fix, or doll to dress. You must be ready to go up stairs or down stairs for her, or do any thing she may want you to. You can save her a great many steps; besides that, you can take care of

baby. If your mother puts him on the carpet and leaves him, you can see that he does not creep into mischief; or you can amuse him, by building houses for him, or rolling the ball, or showing him the pictures in your book. You can keep him still a long time when your mother is busy, and thus you can help her.

When you see that she is very tired, you must not lean on her and



trouble her with questions, or ask her to go and get you any thing, or throw your playthings all about the room. You can watch, and perhaps you may save her the trouble of getting up, reach her the cricket to rest her feet upon, or go into the kitchen for her. You must be very careful not to fret or tease the children, but be good and attentive; then you will be a *comfort* to your mother.

When she is sick, you must not engage in noisy play, or throw the chairs about, but tread softly, speak low; take your blocks and sit down quietly to play out of the way somewhere, or read in your books. Perhaps you can rock baby to sleep or keep him still. You can open and shut the doors very gently. You can mind quick what the nurse tells



you to do ; and thus you will be a great comfort to your mother.

I know some children who are always sure to come to their mother for something or other when she is very tired or very busy, and begin to fret and cry if they cannot have it. And when she is sick, they slam the doors, and run up and down stairs, whipping the banisters, and laughing and talking very loud. They seem to think it is a holiday



when their mother is out of the way, and they will not mind the nurse, but are very troublesome and naughty.

I want to say to such children, "You forget how many times your mother has stepped softly about the room when you lay sick in your cradle; or sat down, hour after hour, leaving every thing else, to rock you; or held you in her arms and sung 'lullaby' to make you forget your pain. She never made a noise to trouble you when you were

sick. How ungrateful you are." Such children are neither a help nor a comfort to their mother. They do not deserve to have so kind a one.

I hope that you will not be such a child. Begin early; see to-day, and to-morrow, and next day, and every day of your life, in how many ways you can be a help and comfort to your mother. As she grows old, she will lean and depend a great deal upon you. You must watch over her declining years with the same kind care with which she watched your infancy; you must smooth her path to the grave.

God has a promise for all such children. "Honor thy father and mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

" When sleep forsook my open eye,
Who was it sung sweet lullaby,
And rocked me that I should not cry ?
My Mother.

Who sat and watched my infant head
When sleeping on my cradle bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed ?
My Mother.

When thou art feeble, old, and gray,
My healthy arms shall be thy stay,
And I will soothe thy pains away,
My Mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head,
'T will be my turn to watch thy bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed,
My Mother."



